

## The Critic and Good Literature

J. L. & J. B. GILDER, EDITORS.

Published weekly, at Nos. 18 & 20 Astor Place, by  
THE GOOD LITERATURE PUBLISHING CO.

Entered as Second-Class Mail-Matter at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 2, 1884.

AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY general agents. Single copies sold, and subscriptions taken, by Chas. Scribner's Sons, G. P. Putnam's Sons, Taintor Bro's, Merrill & Co., E. P. Dutton & Co., Brentano, and the principal news-dealers in the city. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co. (Old Corner Book-store.) Philadelphia: John Wanamaker. Washington: A. Brentano & Co. Chicago: Pierce & Snyder, 122 Dearborn Street. New Orleans: George F. Wharton, 5 Carondelet Street. London: B. F. Stevens, 4 Trafalgar Square. Paris: Galignani's, 224 Rue de Rivoli. Rome: Office of the *Nuova Antologia*.

### Campaign Biographies.

THE campaign biography, so far as I know, does not form part of the election machinery of any other Republic than this. 'The Life and Public Services of General Diaz,' with selections from his speeches, and some account of his position on the vital issues of the day, embellished with a graphic portrait, would be a strange literary announcement in Mexico; and 'The Political and Public Character of General Guzman Blanco' would be sure to excite unwonted curiosity on the bookstalls of Venezuela. In South America Presidents succeed each other with a rapidity with which no biographer or reader could keep pace. But there are republics other than the United States in which the voter goes to his rest at night with secure confidence that he will not drink his morning coffee under a new executive; and yet campaign biographies are unknown to them—probably because the campaign itself is also a thing unknown. Those ripe products of our polity—bolters, and unit rules, mass-meetings, indignation-meetings and torchlight processions, 'mud-throwing' and 'white-washing,'—with the knowledge of which the citizens of these States are quadrennially enriched, are not part of the experience of any other nation. The campaign biography is clearly the outgrowth of sharply personal contests, and is not so likely, therefore, to be written under any other system as under our own. The earliest example of this kind of literature which I know is also one of the most personal—and this despite a studiously impersonal title—'Serious Considerations on the Election of a President.' It is merely a discussion of the fitness of Thomas Jefferson for the Presidency.

Washington, I think, died without having been made the subject of a campaign biography; which is a pity, since there was so much to be said in his praise, and honest excuse for praise is at least desirable in such cases, as the campaign biographer well knows. I have not been able to find that Monroe, Madison, Van Buren, Jackson, or either of the Adamses, sat for his portrait to the gentle painter who has since been an assistant at all Presidential elections; but one S. J. Burr used his flattering brush for William H. Harrison. Perhaps I ought to ask his pardon for the adjective, since he especially assures the readers of his preface that if Mr. Harrison 'were not at this moment before the people for their suffrages as a candidate for a great and important station, we might have indulged in compliment and praise; but we have no disposition, and disclaim all intention of making our history political.' Mr. Burr manages to say so many good things for Mr. Harrison that it is too bad that that gentleman should not have lived long enough to prove their truth. This little volume may, I think, be regarded as the first deliberate campaign life of a candidate. Discussion of the merits of rivals for the Presidency had of course accompanied every election, but this was probably the first formal setting-forth of what we have come to know as a candidate's 'claims.' The evolution of the form of literature thus begun it might be entertaining to trace, but I am reluctant to attempt a bibliography. Two

names are, however, associated with works of this sort which give the whole subject a literary interest. The production of Hawthorne's brief monograph on Franklin Pierce, undertaken at the request of its subject and as an act of friendship, lent a dignity to this species of letters which was confirmed by Mr. Howells's biographies of Lincoln and Hayes. Those who write books of this nature in our day have therefore a cheering sense of being in good company. Perhaps it is because Hawthorne wholly and Howells partly lacked this cheering sense that their exploitations of the virtues of their subjects are cheerless reading; but it is certain that in both instances a blight has seized upon their pens, and after the prefaces, except for the good taste and the good English, the books are slight affairs. What it is that broods over and oppresses the merely literary man in the writing of a campaign biography I do not pretend to say, but it is something real, if impalpable.

Hawthorne's preface recognizes the uncongeniality of a task to which he does not seem to have gone eagerly. 'The author of this work,' he says, 'being so little of a politician that he scarcely feels entitled to call himself of any party, would not voluntarily have undertaken the work here offered. . . . This species of writing is too remote from his customary occupations, and he may add from his tastes, to be very satisfactorily performed without more time and practice than he would be willing to expend for such a purpose.' This is the tone of the preface; and throughout the little volume, though in the interest of his friend he seems constantly endeavoring to throw it off, he has the air of a man who has perforce kennelled his fancy and put a padlock on all the things that make writing worth while, and who would be rejoiced, if the business were done, that he might repossess himself of these disused appanages of his mind. His biographer, Mr. Lathrop, finds, I believe, a single characteristic sentence in the 'Life of Pierce,' but the most kindly acuteness of search has not discovered it to the present writer. What we have to thank this book for is something quite apart from the charm that endears Hawthorne's other works to us. We ought to be much obliged to it for the existence of 'Our Old Home,' 'The Marble Faun' and the English and Italian Note-Books; for the consulship to Liverpool was the expression of Pierce's gratitude; and if Hawthorne had not gone abroad in this official capacity it is doubtful if he would have gone at all, at least for a time long enough to have resulted in any considerable literary product. It is this kind of satisfaction, too, that we must find in Mr. Howells's work in this field. The biography of Lincoln took him from the uncongenial task-work of a newspaper and the narrow outlook of a western town to Venice. The wide horizon and rich opportunities for the exercise of his incomparably delicate faculty which came with the change gave us 'Venetian Life,' 'Italian Journeys' and later 'A Foregone Conclusion'—certainly not the least of his fictions. 'The Life of Hayes' is the work of a friend, and like the 'Lincoln' is workmanlike and thorough; but the grace, the gayety and the humor of the Howells we know in happier efforts are not in it, save for rare gleams that serve merely to remind us of what is absent. When he says of Hayes that 'he presently set down his "rules for the month," which as he never was a prig in his life, we may safely suppose he regularly violated,' the touch is delightfully familiar, and it is only the harder that we must straightway be turned from such pleasantries to browse upon statistics.

The only other notable literary man who has produced a Presidential biography is Dr. Holland; but his 'Life of Lincoln' was not composed until after the death of its subject. Among strictly campaign biographies, there are several by men who probably are not remembered as having done anything of this sort. David G. Croly, for instance, wrote a 'Life of Seymour and Blair'; Charles A. Dana, with a collaborator, is the author of a campaign 'Life of Grant'; and John Bigelow composed in 1856 a 'Memoir of

the Public Services of John Charles Fremont,' with spirited illustrations. The works with more swelling titles, by less well-known men, having the same object, would fill a private library—excluding the campaign 'Lives' of the last fifteen years. What surprises the reader of the present campaign biography is that it is always 'authorized,' and the only edition published with the consent of its distinguished subject, who has usually read the proof. That which in most cases probably surprises the publisher of these works is that his volume is not the one sanctioned by the National Committee, for the title-page of a campaign biography, which offers so much, does not allege this kind of authority with the jauntiness safely used as to the candidate. One thing, however, is invariably said in the preface: that the work was composed in haste. Mr. David Croly adds a fine bit to the usual formula when he says in introducing his 'Life of Seymour and Blair' that it 'was written in a week, and that the warmest known in the history of this country.' But the prefaces to these volumes are much more severely honest than the title-pages, and the plea of haste at least is always well made, for the time during which the life of a Presidential candidate is salable is so short that the author finds his publisher urging his lagging pen with peremptory eagerness. And this brings me to the best praise of the campaign biography—namely, that its life is short!

CHARLES WOLCOTT BALESTIER.

### Reviews

#### "The Sacred Books of the East."\*

THE last two volumes of the now well-known series of 'The Sacred Books of the East,' edited by Professor Max Müller, deal both of them with India, but with very different, or even highly contrasted, phases of Hindu religious life: the one with the beginnings of Brahmanic theosophic and philosophic thought, the other with a late aspect of Buddhistic theology. The latter is the translation of a treatise called 'The Lotus of the Good Law,' as its new translator, Professor Kern, of Leyden, gives it; it was already well known as 'Le Lotus de la Bonne Loi,' in the version of Burnouf, published nearly thirty years ago. Whether its place might not better have been filled with some other and less accessible treatise will seem doubtful to many. It is in the most expanded and stilted style of Buddhist composition—and most of the Buddhist literature excels in those qualities: its solid contents would seem compressible, if repetition and absurd exaggeration were removed, into a few pages. The editor's notes are sometimes of a very naïve character.

The other volume is one of Upanishads, in continuation of a former one, the first of the whole series, and to be followed by yet another of the same character. The translation is by Müller himself. The Upanishads also have been already a number of times translated, in part and entire, by scholars of more or less competence. If a new version was to be brought out, it should very clearly, in our opinion, have been of a particular character: namely, a strictly literal and accurate one, showing precisely what, according to a natural interpretation of their language, those oracular treatises, in which deep thought, would-be profundity, vexatious paradox, and utter nonsense and drivel, are inextricably mingled together, really contain. This, from a scholar of Müller's presumed competence, would have been accepted as authoritative, as a sort of solid basis, on which then the often forced explanations of the commentators, or such as modern scholars were tempted to add, might be engrafted—indeed, there would be no objection to the translator's himself putting in so much of his own wisdom as he might choose, in parenthesis or in marginal notes. These texts, in short, should have been treated as texts out of our own Scriptures are treated, their translation not including, but

only accompanied by, note and comment. That is not the method which the translator has chosen. He has, in much too large measure, been ambitious to understand his text and to teach his understanding of it; and his version does not deserve the name of a faithful one. Nor can it always be called accurate. There are oversights and bits of carelessness on every page, with now and then a more serious blunder. Instances could easily be given; but here is hardly the place for them, and the points are mostly such as would only be appreciated by special scholars. Considering that these Upanishad-versions are the editor's sole contribution to the series, we might have expected him to take more pains to make them worthy of his reputation. That they are more accurate than their predecessors may be conceded without difficulty. The earliest translations were of extreme worthlessness, giving hardly a glimmer even of that sense which the originals contain. But with the public it seems to have been a matter of small consequence; one who was born to love and admire the Upanishads could do it, even in their worst disguises: witness the boundlessly enthusiastic words of Schopenhauer respecting them, reported by Müller in the Introduction to his first volume.

#### "The Diet Question."\*

THIS is interesting and perhaps not unprofitable reading. It is always worth while to investigate the theories of even an extremist, when they support themselves, as in this case, by a 'reason why' based on statistics that have some weight. You may not see the necessity of giving up butter entirely, but you may be led to see that you are indulging in too much butter. Dr. Dodds certainly is an extremist; she tries to be liberal, but her liberality does not extend beyond acknowledging that good meat is better perhaps than bad pastry, and begging you, if you will drink tea and coffee, not to take them with your meals. What she advocates has its merits to a degree; but when we consider to what life would be reduced if one followed the whole of her advice, it becomes questionable whether it would be worth the living. No meat, as little as possible of egg, butter and milk; no tea or coffee or cocoa or chocolate or wine or cider; no water even at meal times; no wheat bread; no salt, precious little sugar, no pepper or spice of any kind; no anything, but grains and fruits and vegetables, and what Mrs. Dr. Dodds alludes to as 'luscious prepared fruits,' which we fear means prunes. We are prepared to listen to her with patience when we find that she does not approve of butter with soup; no more do we; and we follow her with alacrity when she states that it is much better to take tea alone than with food, for afternoon tea is the only kind we care for; but our hearts sink when we are told that 'cold biscuits, split in two, dipped quickly into cold water and then heated' are 'excellent,' and we give up the trial we had meant to make on noting the advice that on warm days 'the dinner may be of young vegetables (or fruits), a dish of grains if you like, and a little bread,' while on cold days, 'if you have for dinner a thin vegetable soup, follow with something more substantial, as baked beans, baked potatoes (sweet or Irish), or corn bread.' Life might be prolonged, though we doubt even that; but given this alternative, we sympathize with the smoker who said if his life were shortened ten years by his cigars, he would rather die young and smoke while he lived.

It is the fashion to ascribe all the ills of modern life to the luxuries that have 'come in' since our grandfathers even; to the furnaces and good living and exemption from hard labor that fall to the lot of a goodly proportion of us. It is questionable, however, whether these ills are not the direct result of the poor living, the 'honest poverty,' the cold houses, the tight-lacing and thin shoes of those very ancestors, and whether the lovely, rosy, plump and happy

\* Oxford: The Clarendon Press.

\* The Diet Question. By Susanna W. Dodds, M.D. New York: Fowler & Wells.



children of even our city parks are not beginning to show the good results of modern luxuries. 'I have yet to learn that it is unhealthy to be comfortable,' said the old gentleman who was remonstrated with for putting a furnace in his house. When one thinks of the charm that the *cuisine* has thrown over life, with all its daily accumulating elaborateness, one would hesitate long before reducing the dining-room to beans, baked or boiled, though one may not go so far as the young man who tested a gentleman by his 'acquired tastes,' and measured the desirability of a new acquaintance by the amount he required of Worcestershire sauce. On the whole, we dare not contemplate the consequences to this review if we had sat down to it after dining on 'young vegetables' or a very thin vegetable soup followed by baked beans. If we are somewhat lenient, and disposed to assure the incredulous reader that 'The Diet Question' is worth looking into, it is because we have just partaken of an excellent beefsteak and a capital cup of coffee, and feel ourselves at peace with all the world—even with Mrs. Dr. Dodds.

#### The Life of Harriet Monsell.\*

THIS is a memoir of the first Mother Superior of the Community of St. John Baptist, one of the first sisterhoods established in recent years by the Church of England. It is the life of one evidently noble, devoted, and sincere, whose practical beneficence went hand in hand with her religious faith, extreme as was her belief in the forms and exercises of Ritualism. It seems a pity, therefore, that the spirit of the memoir is to divorce the practical from the religious, dwelling so entirely upon Ritualistic expression of religious feeling, that were it not for a separate chapter containing a somewhat cold and perfunctory list of the missions and hospitals in charge of the Sisters, it would be impossible to associate the Sisterhood at Clews with the idea of anything but constant prayer and 'retreat,' fasting, confession, absolution and penance, and the frequent partaking of the communion, which is spoken of as 'It.' Even the letters of the Mother herself contain no allusion of any kind to practical work. There is one general remark in regard to 'the most practical of all things, the life of a Sister,' but all the advice is of the general sort, 'Let your Lenten work be to work in quietness;' 'One of the things I am most anxious to impress upon you all is the necessity more and more of getting rid of the human spirit, and acting simply in God,' etc. One of the Sisters, when travelling with the Mother on the Continent, alludes to the purchase of 'effective' shades of silk for Church needlework, which evidently means ecclesiastical embroidery, but we are at a loss to understand why every allusion to the practical side of their labor, which would undoubtedly be interesting and helpful, is actually removed from the letters when it does occur, its place being marked with a dash. Thus the same Sister tells of a curious clock, with the hunter playing the hours on his horn, 'which I began to covet for—, upon which she told me I must learn detachment, and not to want everything for the—, as if I was to end my days there.' From a vague allusion a little further on, it would seem that the '—' which must not be spoken of was the children's ward at the hospital, and the coveting of the pretty toy for such a purpose surely does not seem any manifestation of 'the human spirit' which one must struggle to be 'rid of.' It is evident that the Mother did not approve or encourage asceticism which extended to the point of reducing one's strength for practical effort, and it is quite a pity that the memoir has been prepared with so little comparative appreciation of the practical working of the Sisterhood. Even the dashes that stand for practical work are very few, and as an instance of their tantalizing failure to gratify our interest in this phase of what is termed the 'religious life' we may quote: 'I had expected to be sent to—, and looked

upon it as a settled thing, so was very much startled when she sent for me one morning after breakfast, and asked me if I knew anything of—work. I said, "nothing." "Then you must learn," was the reply; and she went on to say that another worker was wanted at—, and I must go there after Terce. One look showed me that remonstrance was useless.' It is a question whether such a memoir does not defeat its purpose, in repelling many who would be attracted to a life of ministration to sin and sorrow and suffering—we mean, of course, the practical sins of other people, not the consciousness of their own religious sin,—but who would not feel the desire for 'retreat,' and who would not appreciate the necessity for the mortification of the 'human spirit' in being forbidden to do the kind of charitable work that they preferred.

#### "Mingo, and Other Sketches."\*

THOSE who remember the striking story, 'At Teague Poteet's,' which appeared first in one of the magazines and proved that Mr. Joel Chandler Harris could write a fine and picturesque tale quite independent of the dialect stories that made him famous as 'Uncle Remus,' will be glad to have it in book form, bound with a few other 'sketches in black and white,' which it is only necessary to recommend by saying that they are his. Those who have enjoyed 'Uncle Remus' will find in these 'sketches' the same qualities that originally endeared the author to them, while those who felt that the troublesome dialect of 'B'r'er Rabbit' was the only barrier that separated them from a deep and longed-for enjoyment, will rejoice to find in 'Mingo' just enough of the dialect to give a unique piquancy, added to a delineation of the 'white' element in the story as vivid and entertaining as that of the 'black' has been before. To our own mind, Mr. Harris's work gains greatly by this association of contrasts. In the story of 'Mingo,' for instance, which opens the book and gives to it its name, the amusing 'poor white' element adds greatly to the effectiveness of the faithful old negro, Mingo himself—one of those slaves of whom undoubtedly there were many, who looked along the road that led to freedom, but said with a doubtful, and faithful, shake of the head, 'Mebbe you leads to freedom, but bress de Lord, I'm gwine back!' The original of 'Aunt Jane' in the story of 'Malbone' once said to a friend who offered to show her the baby, 'My dear, have you forgotten that I hate babies?' 'No, indeed,' was the reply. 'Of course you hate babies, but I knew you didn't hate me, and I thought perhaps you might like to see me with a baby. It was the combination, Aunt Jane.' We are tempted to assure those who have fretted a little at the dialect that has made it hard for them to enjoy what they knew was enjoyable in 'B'r'er Rabbit,' that in 'Mingo' they have a 'combination' of 'Uncle Remus' with Joel Chandler Harris which will leave them in these 'sketches in black and white' nothing to be desired and everything to be enjoyed.

#### Against the Brahmo Somaj.†

THIS is a book made up of a number of lectures delivered in this country and in India, in which the author undertakes to show the errors of the Brahmo Somaj movement. He is a Christian Hindoo belonging to an evangelical sect. He writes with some vigor and with a good deal of sectarian zeal. A fairly good account is given of the movement toward progressive Hindooism, but it is more or less colored by the author's prejudices. He is too intent on defending the Calvinistic dogmas to give full credit to this movement as one of remarkable significance in the history of religion. That it is largely the result of the preaching of Christianity in India there can be no doubt, and yet it is a

\* Mingo, and Other Sketches. By Joel Chandler Harris (Uncle Remus). \$1.25. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

† Brahmoism. A History of Reformed Hinduism from its Origin in 1830, under Rajah Mohun Roy, to the Present Time. By Ram Chandra Bose, M. A., of Lucknow, India. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

\* Harriet Monsell. By the Rev. T. T. Carter. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

movement outside of Christianity. As an attempt to put the better spirit learned from the Christians into the old religion of India, great interest is attaching to it. It is a native movement, an attempt on the part of accomplished and eloquent Hindoos, to work out for themselves a solution of the religious question. To all who can look at their efforts from any other than the sectarian point of view, much of sympathy and hope must be felt for them. Mr. Bose undertakes to prove that the whole movement has been greatly over-estimated in its importance and in its numbers. He repeats his statement that only a very small number of persons have joined the different Somajes. In this we believe he over-reaches himself and makes his attitude too apparent for the good of his own cause. Mr. Bose has made an interesting book, but it shows nothing of the religious genius and intellectual power of that other Hindoo who was recently in this country. Mr. Mozoomdar is a man of intense piety and of great intellectual accomplishments. His preaching shows the highest gifts in that direction, and it gives proof of an eloquence as remarkable as his spirituality of thought is real and characteristic. Those who heard him cannot but think he represents a movement likely to accomplish great results. That he does not accept the dogmas of Mr. Bose is evident; but he has gifts of charity, manliness, piety and spirituality which Mr. Bose does not appear to possess, if we are to judge from this book. It has the limitations of all books of religious controversy, though there is not a little in it of interest and profit.

#### Minor Notices.

ROBERTS BROTHERS issue in one volume selections from the Tales, Poems and Essays of Mrs. Barbauld, with a memoir by Grace A. Oliver. It is a question in these busy days whether it is worth while to unearth for preservation literature of the style of

Dear Agatha, I give you joy,  
And much admire your pretty toy,

even as a curiosity of the past; but we can never be reminded too frequently that Mrs. Barbauld was a wonderful writer in her day, and that she wrote the exquisite lines on 'Life':

Say not Good-Night,—but in some brighter clime  
Bid me Good-Morning.

There are clever little bits in the present volume which would always interest; like the amusing summary of experience in travelling, good for us to remember in these days when we are pining to exchange homes for summer boarding-houses:

ADVANTAGES OF TRAVELING.	PER CONTRA.
A July sun and a Southern breeze.	Flies, fleas, and all Pharaoh's plague of vermin.
Figs, almonds, etc.	No tea, and the name of tea-kettle unknown.
Sweet scents in the fields.	Bad scents within doors.
Grapes and raisins.	No plum-pudding.
Coffee as cheap as milk.	Milk as dear as coffee.
Wine a <i>demi-sou</i> the bottle.	Bread three sous a ha'-penny roll.
Provençal songs and laughter.	Provençal roughness and scolding.
Soup, salad and oil.	No beef, no butter.
Arms of triumph, fine churches, stately palaces.	Dirty inns, heavy roads, uneasy carriages.
A pleasant and varied country.	But many, many a league from those we love.

'MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD,' by M. J. Savage (George H. Ellis), is a collection of simple and practical talks on familiar topics, such as the home, marriage, society, etc. They are hardly pretentious enough to be called essays, and are not strikingly original, coming to the old conclusions that man is the warrior, the explorer, the builder or creator, and woman the inspirer, the home-maker, the comforter. Man possesses strength, courage, honor, courtesy; woman has intuitions, sentiment, and loyalty less to abstract truth than to what she has been accustomed to call the truth. The illustrations are decidedly simple and hackneyed, and

the style suggests that the audience had to be talked down to. There is a good deal of that kind of illustration, fatal to eloquence, which begins, 'Now, if I should take you on board of a fine steamship and show you,' etc. But if not eloquent, the talks are sensible; and far from being in all respects as conservative as the earlier chapters would imply, the author, without being a hasty enthusiast, discusses such questions as divorce, woman's sphere, and 'Careers for our Daughters' with full regard for the spirit of the time, and with a calm good-sense that makes these closing chapters suggestive, original and interesting.

'WHIRLWINDS, Cyclones and Tornadoes,' by William Morris Davis, Instructor in Harvard College, is a capital little book (Lee & Shepard), presenting in a condensed and revised form a course of lectures delivered in 1883 before the Lowell Institute in Boston, and first published as a series of articles in *Science*. The style is easy and pleasant; not so technical as to be unintelligible to non-scientific readers, or so 'popular' as to be vague and inaccurate. Of course so small a volume cannot enter very fully into details, but it gives the substance of all our certain knowledge regarding its subject; everything, in fact, that is necessary to a clear understanding of the nature and causes of those atmospheric disturbances which always, and at present in our West and South especially, are objects of such anxious and dreadful interest. It might not be safe to assert that there are no errors in the book, and that the theories presented will in all particulars stand the test of future research; but it would be very difficult to point out any exposition of the subject clearer, more trustworthy, and so well brought down to date, even in the most extensive works on meteorology.

#### Recent Fiction.

'STRAY LEAVES from Strange Literature,' by Lafcadio Hearn (Osgood), is a compilation of legends and traditions from the Egyptian, South Pacific and Eskimo, with tales re-told from Indian and Buddhist literature, runes from the Kalewala, stories of Moslem lands, and traditions re-told from the Talmud. It is not intended for scholars, the author stating frankly in the preface that he has simply made selections from other people's translations, and has even taken the liberty of condensing or elaborating these to preserve the spirit of the thing while trying to adapt it to the popular taste. This is not only legitimate, but wise. We have heard Mrs. Wister's singular success as a translator accounted for by the fact that instead of translating line upon line and precept upon precept, she reads a page or a paragraph in the original, then closes the book and writes out in her own good English the gist of what she has read. The 'Stray Leaves' have been prepared with taste and judgment, and 'for those who like that sort of thing, will be just the sort of thing they like.' The average reader will perhaps, however, be repelled by that element of the impossible which makes of these legends little more than fairy tales; the book in general striking one as a curious sort of combination of 'The Arabian Nights,' Hans Andersen, 'Hiawatha' and Wagner.

ONE WILL HARDLY put down 'I Say No,' by Wilkie Collins (Franklin Square Library) after beginning it, but after his curiosity has been satisfied about the murder, which is treated with considerable originality, there remains little but a consciousness of very cheap satisfaction. In the height of the interest one reflects with some amusement on what life would be if it were really at all like what Wilkie Collins represents, and the general success of the surprise about the murder would have been as good without some of the most unpleasant machinery, and certainly without one of the most unpleasant characters.

IT SEEMS incredible that any one with the power to write so fine a novel as 'Wanda' should be able, or willing,



to write so poor a one as 'Princess Napraxine.' (Lippincott.) Five hundred pages of very fine print repel one from the first, and a very few chapters are sufficient to betray that the story is one of Ouida's worst—a tissue of what may fairly be called hideous situations, unredeemed by any of the marvellous 'word-painting' which has induced many to read other novels of hers, as bad but not as uninteresting.

'CLOVERNOOK CHILDREN' and 'Snow-Berries' (Armstrong) are two volumes of stories for children told some quarter of a century ago by a woman who was then one of the charming and successful literary ladies of New York—Miss Alice Cary. Books of to-day are sometimes more spicy, perhaps, and go directly to the heart of the new generation; but they are seldom more simple, pure and sweet-natured than these old volumes now re-published and set a-going once more in the world of youth. Pioneer life came close home to this lady and her sister, and as it is developed in these tales, it had a charm and sweetness which we could wish the children of these riper times to share. It was the fashion then to put into all tales some small fraction of the moralities: the homely virtues were inculcated. To-day it is rather the plain facts of science that get in between the covers of children's books; knowledge is now our aim; but in those days it was sentiment, and good feeling, and right conduct. We do not undertake to decide which appeals best to the interest of the young people, but here are two of the old books—and we like them.

'A KEY to the Waverley Novels,' by Henry Grey (Dutton), hardly justifies its name. It is in no sense a 'key,' being merely an abstract of each novel, the three or four or five hundred pages of each original being condensed into three, or four, or five. It is hard to understand exactly what purpose this is intended to serve. Those who have read the stories certainly do not need to be told the mere plot, while those who have not read them will find the statement that 'the nuptials of Ivanhoe and Rowena quickly followed, and having presented the bride with a casket of jewels of immense value, the Jew and his daughter quitted England,' a very poor substitute for the matchless pages of Sir Walter. There have been times when we, too, found Sir Walter rather long, but we object to placing him on any Procrustean bed that is to reduce his noble dimensions to inches.

'MISS NANCY' (Philadelphia: David McKay) is an amusing little story, in which the brightness occasionally degenerates to mere smartness, but which is on the whole rather entertaining for a summer hour. It paints the struggles in society of a pretty country girl who spends a winter in Philadelphia, and who is pretty and bright enough to ensnare the royal notice of the most desirable young gentleman in society until she crosses the Rubicon and goes to visit relations on the wrong side of Market Street.

### The Magazines for August.

THERE are five best short stories of the month: 'Dinky,' in *The Atlantic*, the pathetic story of the little free negro who tried to sell himself into slavery to rescue his pet dog from the pound; 'My Chaperon,' in *Lippincott's*, the chaperon being a delightful little girl; 'Mrs. Bolton's Nursemaid,' in *The Continent*, with delicious children and child's play in it; 'Only a Riddle,' in *Harper's*, with a very original hinge for its plot; and 'An Effect in Yellow,' by Ivory Black, in *The Century*, which we have seen advertised as 'a romance of the artist quarter in New York,' but which is really the romance of an advertising dodge so clever and entertaining that we suspect it of having earned its name by its effect in making Mr. Frank Stockton yellow with jealousy. Mr. Stockton's own story, 'The Remarkable Shipwreck of the Thomas Hyke,' also in *The Century*,

detailing the sufferings of the Mark Tapley temperament when reduced to regular rations of air, is good enough to be included in our list; but we did not dare to speak of more than five as the best.

In *The Atlantic*, besides incomparable 'Dinky,' Dr. Mitchell gives the best instalment yet of his serial, dealing sympathetically with the temptation of trust funds to people who are not poor, but only poorer than they were—a kind of poverty which has infinite dramatic value,—and filled with clever epithet and description of 'the mournful sheen of haircloth, polished by much sitting,' of the 'sombre scrolls of sofa- and chair-back, looking as if they had been put up in primeval curl-papers before the flood,' and of two prints on the wall, 'one of the death-bed of Daniel Webster, the other of Henry Clay, in evening costume, addressing a morbidly attentive Senate.' Morbidly attentive! What a delicious art criticism, to be almost lost to sight in a voluminous novel, were it not for the literary diver who plunges for the pearl and holds it up for all the world to appreciate!—A fine article on 'The Twilight of Greek and Roman Sculpture' reminds us that it is a wonder any works of ancient art have remained to us; so exceptional, in the conflict of nation with nation, was the consideration of Demetrios Poliorketes, in the siege of Rhodes, who abstained from attacking the city on the most favorable side, for fear of injuring the works of Protogenes, whose studio was situated there.—'The Zig-Zag Telegraph' is an interesting study of the unconscious working of the brain; an article on N. P. Willis does well to recall to us one of the most picturesque figures of American literature, and to remind us that the canvas of his mind was wonderfully good for one so covered with dainty floss and worsted.—Edith Thomas, in 'Where it Listeth,' defines so eloquently the wind as 'the air's voice with the circumflex accent,' that we suspect her of being the individual who could tell, if taken blindfold under a tree, what kind of tree it was by the sound of the wind among its leaves.—Kate Gannett Wells gives an entertaining account of Ezra Stiles, quoting the mention in his diary: 'God was pleased to carry me and all my family successfully through inoculation for the small-pox; a mercy which will ever demand a grateful remembrance and indelible gratitude.'

Hardened as we have become to the beauty of modern illustration, the pictures in *The Century* almost startle us with their beauty. Alfred Parsons's 'Daffodils' are quite worthy of framing; we wonder, by the way, if the people are discovering how pretty these magazine engravings are in simple frames, or how well they appear even when pinned to the wall unframed.—An article on Sam Houston recalls one of the most romantic figures of our history, in one whose mission in life it was to be successively Governor of Tennessee, Cherokee chief, Commander of the Texan forces, first President of Texas, and a United States Senator.—Edith Thomas writes of 'A Summer Holinight,' reminding us that the sun is a despotism, but that the stars are a republic of light, and making us murmur, in delicate appreciation of her appreciation,

God must be glad one loves his world so much!

A charming article on 'Carmen Sylva' gives us the pretty courtship, with the coy maiden's refusal to marry unless she could be Queen of Roumania, and the lover's arch reminder of her words when later it became possible for him to make her so. 'Yours will be a noble mission,' he said to her on the day of their betrothal. 'You must comfort tenderly when I have been too harsh; and you may petition for all.' Miss Zimmern alludes to a published diary of the Queen's from which she gives extracts far superior to the Queen's work in 'Pilgrim Sorrow.'—One wonders if even Ruskin, who so hated to see a railway-station made pretty, would not find his heart softened by Mrs. Van Rensselaer's illustrations in 'Recent Architecture' of how an admirable work of art may be produced by a perfectly straightforward resolution of a peculiarly utilitarian problem.—Mr. Cable,

in 'Dr. Sevier,' gives an effective contrast in the departure of the Southern troops from New Orleans and the march of the Seventh Regiment down Broadway; and he gives us, nobly, picturesquely, splendidly, the end of poor Narcisse. It is all wonderfully done; but like the voter who 'had always been born in Portsmouth,' we must say of the story that it is still too long.—Professor Boyesen begins a serial which bids fair to be more dramatic than his earlier stories; and Mr. James, in the first instalment of 'A New England Winter,' gives us an insight into several women's minds, all the more delightful because the humor is touched with pathos. The Boston mother anxiously trying to secure the presence of an artistic young lady, that her European son may find something such as he has been accustomed to on the more picturesque side of the ocean, is a picture to linger in the heart as well as in the mind.—A valuable article by Washington Gladden, on 'Three Dangers,' warns us to beware of 'margins'; and is admirably supplemented by a paragraph in 'Topics of the Time,' with a sentence that ought to be hung in every office—alas! might we not say every home?—to warn us against 'business' methods as dangerous as they are tempting and as wrong as they are dangerous: 'Nothing but *unfair advantage* wins steadily in selling "long," or selling "short," or dealing in "futures."'

The subject leads us next to *The Continent*, in which the story 'On a Margin,' of a man who trades on the "short" side of his own character, is increasing in interest. We must speak of the capital head-piece, with its heads of men absorbed in bending over the magic tape, which straggles off and in its folds strangles swords, pens, liberty caps, money-bags and Cupid himself.—An excellent article on Ruskin gives two portraits and admirable pictures of Ruskin's house and study; 'The Resurrection of Italy' is vivid; the little poem, 'Two Milestones,' charming; the short stories and 'In Lighter Vein' better than usual.

If the pictures in *The Century* startled us with beauty, those in *Harper's* add to our enthusiasm. Mr. Dewing's 'Prelude' is to be cut out and framed with the 'Daffodils.' Descriptive articles are more numerous than ever: 'Artist Strolls in Holland,' 'Boston Harbor,' 'Salt Lake City'—topographical rather than Mormonic,—'The Great Hall of William Rufus' and 'Richfield Springs.'—We can vouch for the interest of 'Antelope Hunting in Montana,' if not for the truthfulness. We once saw an antelope in Montana; but some one else had shot at him before we did, and when we saw him he was fried.—Mrs. Burton Harrison writes with appreciative skill on 'Some Work of the Associated Artists,' in which she rejoices with the rest of us that decorative art is becoming more artistic and less decorative.—We have already spoken of the capital short story.

In *The English Illustrated* we turn first to Mr. James's æsthetes who amused us so in the preceding number; but we are forced to say of the story, as Mr. James did of the young woman in æsthetic garments, that it is less remarkable than we had been led to suppose by its first appearance. Though he should swear to us that this was the only story he had ever drawn from real life, Mr. James could never make us believe in a mother who made no effort to save her dying child.—'How a Bone is Built' is more interesting than many stories, with its illustrations of how the same laws for combining maximum of strength with minimum of substance hold good in engineering, building, mechanism and growth.

That touch of prescience making all magazine editors kin, to which we alluded last month, betrays itself again in *Lippincott's*, which is only a month behind the others with its eulogy of the Hudson and Short Hills.—An able statistical article on vivisection goes far to prove that there is no practical gain from the hideous practice, and that even if there were, an experiment necessary to science should be made but once, not repeated in a class-room to students who should accept a professor's statement. It is easy to

believe that students hardened by constant vivisection would hold it at last no wrong to experiment on 'hopeless' human cases.—The 'Reminiscences of Charles Reade' are not important; but an article on Confederate postage-stamps will interest many.—The 'Duchess' begins a new serial rather amusingly.

In *The Manhattan* the instalment of 'Trajan' is exceedingly fine. None of us, not even those of us who are temporarily converted Republicans, are too democratic to enjoy the story of Eugénie's court balls. It is whispered that the author is a young journalist, who, in spite of a fineness of finish in his workmanship that would seem to betray many years of training, and in spite of allusions, pathetic as Thackeray's, to the lost delights of 'forty year,' has yet no gray in his hair under his no-wig.—An article on 'The Yellowstone Park,' with fine illustrations, would induce us to go there if inducement were all that we lacked; 'Retrospections of the American Stage' borrow very little of their anecdotal interest from the stage itself; Julian Hawthorne discusses 'Emerson as an American'; while Lewis Rosenthal states that Victor Hugo asks 'Who is Emerson?' and that Poe, in France, is the American Daudet.—In Miss Field's 'My Diary in London' the emphasis seems to be on the 'My' rather than on the 'London'; and we cannot help feeling sure that a judicious editor would have given her space for writing out in full many of the words that she apparently shortens with the hope of cultivating a conversational style.

### The Lounger

I AM permitted to print the following extract from a private letter, in which the distinguished Greek scholar, Prof. R. C. Jebb, now visiting this country, expresses a very cheerful view of the future of classical philology in America:

'It has been very satisfactory to see, since I have been in this country, how little disposition apparently exists, in the cultivated portions of the community, to disparage the benefits of a classical education; and I cannot but feel sanguine that the controversy which has recently been excited here will end in the prevalence of sound and intelligent views. Our English experience—I refer especially to our Public Schools and Universities—has taught us that it is possible to reconcile the claims of literature and science; and I firmly believe that there is no country in the world where classical philology has a more promising future before it than in America.'

*The Athenæum* takes Mr. Howells to task for speaking of rooms being 'lit with transoms of colored glass,' observing that 'he must have used the word "transom" for its sound, without any regard to its meaning, for a room could hardly be lighted by a cross-bar.' The word, as Mr. Howells uses it, is not to be found in the latest edition of Webster, though it is commonly employed in this country to designate the shallow window immediately above a door. Mr. Howells is evidently so accustomed to hearing the word used in that sense that he did not look it up, and so has been caught tripping by his erudite critic.

MRS. HELEN M. GOUGAR, of Lafayette, Indiana, is the subject of an appreciative article in *Woman at Work* for June, the frontispiece of the magazine being a wood-engraving of the lady, accompanied by her name in autograph, and the motto 'The world needs women who do their own thinking.' Mrs. Gougar has been instrumental, it seems, in promoting 'the phenomenal agitation of the past thirty years, familiarly recognized as the Woman Movement.' Her zeal and industry in this connection have been remarkable. She has labored incessantly, both in private and in public, and she is said to be as good a business woman as she is an orator—no slight commendation, indeed, when a panegyrist assures us that 'many esteem her the Queen of the Rostrum.' But I cannot help thinking that better than all else in her character and career, is her generous appreciation of the Honorable John Gougar, her husband. 'After twenty years of the intimate knowledge which marriage gives,' our Daniel O'Connell (as the writer of this sketch delights to call Mrs. Gougar) begs that, in this eulogium, full justice shall be done to 'Mr. Gougar's real worth and helpfulness.' This, surely, is more than the Honorable Mr. G. had any reason to expect!



I AM GLAD to see that the *London Bookseller* takes THE CRITIC'S view of the conduct of English authors toward American publishers. In a recent number it speaks of Max O'Rell's attack upon Messrs. Scribner as being very much out of order, and seems to think it rather hard that after paying Field & Tuer for certain rights and privileges in M. O'Rell's book they should be coolly told by that firm that they had had no rights to sell. I cannot but admire the independence of the *London Bookseller* in so vigorously taking sides with the American publishers. As a usual thing the English press seems to think that there is but one side to these international literary grievances, and that that is the Englishman's.

MISS ELLEN TERRY will have the sympathy of as many friends in this country as in England, in her sufferings from the vaccination virus that has poisoned and temporarily disabled her. That no one could be got to take her place in 'Twelfth Night' does not surprise me. Ellen Terrys are not to be had for the asking.

SINCE the death of Mrs. R. J. Burdette, the newspapers have contained numerous biographical sketches of that lady, devoted mainly to an account of her relations with her husband, the humorist of the Burlington *Hawkeye*. Mr. Burdette is said to have owed much of his success to the encouragement and sympathy of his wife, and the obligation was generously acknowledged. Moreover, as she was an invalid, and for years almost helpless, every moment that the 'funny man' could spare from the composition of his jokes and the delivery of his lectures was devoted to her care. His attentions were absolutely unremitting, and, in these days of marital misery and too-easy divorce, well calculated to attract attention. All honor to the chivalrous and devoted husband, say I; but when we are told in illustration of the tender regard in which he held his ailing wife, that he took pains to put into her hands 'the very first copy of his book, "The Rise and Fall of the Mustache,"' the tear does not fall as I rise from a perusal of the anecdote. On the contrary, I have an unpleasant sense of the lameness and impotence of the conclusion, and turn away with disgust, not at the act or the actor, but at the vulgarity of the gossip who set such a paragraph agoing. Heaven defend us from our biographers!

### A New Pronoun.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

THAT a new pronoun, of the singular number and common gender, is needed in the English language, is a fact patent to every English speaker and writer. That the incorporation of this pronoun with the grammar of our tongue and a general use of it in speaking and writing would be greatly facilitated by its formation from English word-elements and sounds which are already in common use, doubtless every English speaker and writer would unhesitatingly admit: And, as many of the most useful current words in the English language are abbreviations employed for despatch, it may safely be assumed, in touching upon this subject, that the further abbreviating of any English words, in such wise as to help language, in its perpetual race with thought, can but tend to its improvement, the first aim of language being to communicate our thoughts; the second to do it accurately; the third with despatch. The English word-makers and word-writers of our day are clearly practicalizing this assumption, and the philological atmosphere is full of winged words, the aim, in the making of which is to produce a minimum of word-body with a maximum of flying power.

Because of this condition of things philological, do I venture upon my present suggestion of a certain lingual abbreviation and compound, to be known as this pronoun, believing that such a word would be more likely to come into general use than an entirely new one, as concerning it the memory is not taxed by any novelty of word-essence, but simply by that of its form, the ordinary meaning of the two words, which are abbreviated and blended so as to form this new pronoun, being carried into, and preserved in, this new pronoun, while a strain of the euphony of the two previously separate verbal entities familiarizes the ear with the sound of the new word. This belief of mine was reached several years ago, after much digging among word-roots of

various kinds, at home and abroad, my first attempt in this regard being to find some non-English word possessed of the proper significance, that would readily fall into line with our common speech. My failure in this attempt was complete. I then essayed numberless English word clippings, hoping to make the elision, or contraction, of some one English word serve my purpose. This attempt likewise resulted in failure. Finally, by cutting off the last two letters of the English word *that* and the last letter of the word *one*, and uniting their remaining letters in their original sequence in these two words, I produced that word now proposed for the needed pronoun—to wit,

THON;

to the *th* in which I would give the same sound as in *they*. This pronoun's three cases will naturally suggest themselves to its user as being nominative, *thon*; possessive, *thons*; objective, *thon*. Note its literal and euphonic resemblance to the other pronouns, and that its final consonant has a neutral savor significant of its purport.

One thing I surely may be permitted to say in defence of this word, that it is simply an abbreviation, made in a spirit of sincere respect for the beautiful symmetry of the English tongue, and a due reverence for etymologic consistency; and that it is the expression of an honest attempt in the department of word-invention, which every user of our language, though writing never so little, is encouraged to enter by the numberless evidences, abounding throughout the entire range of its vocabulary, since its origin, of that inventive spirit under whose influence words have shaped themselves more and more so as to equal in speed of utterance one's mental action. I could also urge the imperative need I have experienced as a lawyer, when making certain written or spoken statements, by reaching some part thereof where such a pronoun as this must appear, else I must recast the offending sentence on the spot, or plunge on defiantly through some common, yet hideous, solecism.

The acknowledgment of a need for such a pronoun as this being universal, any argument in advocacy of it clearly would be a work of supererogation; and, as illustrations of its use doubtless will present themselves to every reader of this letter, I will give but one or two myself: If Mr. and Mrs. A. were joint clients of mine in a suit at law, I might address a note thus: 'If Mr. or Mrs. A. comes to the courthouse on Monday next I will be there to meet *thon*.' Or, suppose Mr. A. and Mrs. A. quarrel with each other and each comes to me, without the other's knowledge thereof, for advice in the premises, and I do the unprofessional act of effecting their mutual forgiveness and reconciliation; if I afterward undertake to describe to my wife the happy reunion of Mr. and Mrs. A. I may use this sentence: 'Then loving words for each other burst from their lips, each excusing the other and blaming—you cannot say himself or herself because one is a man and the other is a woman, but you can finish this sentence with this new pronoun—'*thon*.' Use of it will so individualize and pronominalize (so to speak) this word as to show its manifest grammatical distinction from the words *that* and *one* of which it is born; and the mental process by which it leads its user to the noun it represents will, I think, be found to be easy and natural, it not being an arbitrary sign.

ERIE, PA., July 23, 1884.

C. C. CONVERSE.

### Emerson and the Concord School.

AT the opening of the Concord School of Philosophy on Wednesday, July 23, the following sonnet by Miss Emma Lazarus was read:

As, when a father dies, his children draw  
About the empty hearth, their loss to cheat  
With uttered praise and love, and oft repeat  
His own familiar words with whispered awe,  
The honored habit of his daily law—  
Not for his sake, but theirs, whose feebler feet  
Need still his guiding lamp, whose faith, less sweet,

Misses that tempered patience without flaw—  
 So do we gather 'round thy vacant chair,  
 In thine own elm-roofed, amber-rivered town,  
 Master and father! For the love we bear,  
 Not for thy fame's sake, do we weave this crown,  
 And feel thy presence in the sacred air,  
 Forbidding us to weep that thou art gone.

Mr. F. B. Sanborn, the Secretary of the School, read a number of interesting extracts from the diary of the venerable Mr. Alcott, whose feebleness prevented his attendance at the Hillside Chapel. The first reference to Emerson was dated February 1835. It ran as follows:

Heard Mr. Emerson's lecture on 'Martin Luther' at the Temple in Boston. There was much in it bespeaking a high philosophy of life as conceived in the mind of the speaker, and the application of the analysis of Luther's character was beautiful and profound. He deemed Luther not less a poet than a practical man, and if not a philosopher in the common sense of the term, he was a prophet, speaking and acting from an imperative above reason. [An entry of July 12, 1835, shows that Emerson and Alcott were already becoming intimate:] A few days since Mrs. Morrison, of Philadelphia, came in town, bringing me letters from Mr. Russell. Last evening she saw several of our friends, persons with whom we wished her to be made acquainted. Among these were the following: Mr. Waldo Emerson, Charles Emerson, Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Child, etc. [Mr. Alcott was thirty-six in 1835, and spent his birthday with Emerson at Concord. Under date of December 3 his diary says:] Last evening I returned, having had a very pleasant time with him and his friends. I shall seek his face and favor as a precious delight in life. While at Concord I saw Rev. Mr. Hedge also: with him and Mr. Emerson I had some very interesting conversation. These men are the most earnest spiritualists of the time. I found much in their ideas and purposes of like character with my own. Time shall unfold what we may do for the good of humanity. I was surprised to find so ready and sincere apprehension of some of my favorite theories from persons whom I could respect and who were without guile: persons whose culture places them on the mount of clear vision and who know what they see. [In 1837 Mr. Alcott wrote:] Only men of like vision can apprehend and counsel one another. A man whose purpose and act demand but a day or an hour for their completion can do little by way of advising him whose purposes require years for their fulfilment. Only Emerson, of this age, knows me, of all that I have found. Well, every one does not find *one* man, *one very man through and through*. Many are they who live and die alone, known only to their survivors of an after century. [In May, 1837, Emerson wrote thus to Mr. Alcott advising him to give up his school:] In the few moments' broken conversation I had with you a fortnight ago, it seems to me you did not acquiesce at all in what is always my golden view for you, as for all men to whom God has given 'the vision and the faculty divine,' namely, that one day you would leave the impracticable world to wag its own way, and sit apart, and write your oracles for its behoof. Write! let them hear, or let them forbear; the written word abides, until slowly and unexpectedly, and in widely sundered places, it has created its church. And my love and confidence in that silent muse is such that in circumstances in which I can easily conceive myself placed I should prefer some manual or quite mechanical labor as a means of living, that should leave me a few sacred hours in the twenty-four, to any attempt to realize my idea in any existing forms called intellectual or spiritual, where, by defying every settled usage in society, I should be sure to sour my own temper. [Apropos of this letter, Mr. Alcott made this note in his diary:] Emerson, true to his genius, favors written works. He holds men and things at a distance, pleases himself with using them for his own benefit, and as a means of gathering materials for his own work. He does not believe in the actual; his sympathies are all intellectual. He persuades me to leave the actual, devote myself to the speculative, and embody my thoughts in written works. Emerson idealizes all things. This idealized picture is the true and real one to him; all else is nought. Even persons are thus idealized, and his interest in them and their influence over him exist no longer than this conformity appears in his imagination. Beauty, beauty—this it is that charms him. But beauty has pure and delicate tastes; and hence all that mars or displeases this sense, with however much of truth or goodness it may be associated, is of no interest to the mind. Emerson seeks the beauty of truth. With him all men and things have a beauty, but this is the result of his point of vision, and often falls wide of the actual

truth. To give pleasure more than to impart truth is his mission; what is beautiful in man, nature, or art, this he apprehends, and with the poet's power sets forth. His genius is high and commanding; he will do honor to his age. As a man, however, this visit has somewhat modified my former notions of him. Fame stands before him as a dazzling award, and he holds himself somewhat too proudly, nor seeks the humble and sincere regards of his race. His life has been one of opportunity, and he has sought to realize in it more of the accomplished scholar than of the perfect man.

Some letters from Mr. Alcott to his wife were read. One was dated June 25, 1842. It ran in this wise:

I rode to Chelsea and passed an hour with Carlyle. Ah, me! Saul among the prophets! It must have been a dark hour with him. He seemed impatient of interruption; faithless, quite, in all social reforms. His wit was sombre, severe, hopeless; his very merriment had madness in it; his humor was tragic even to tears. There lay smouldering in him a whole French revolution, a Cromwellian rebellion; nor could the rich mellowness of his voice, deepened as it was and made more musical by his broad Northern accent, hide from me the restless melancholy, the memory feeding on hope, the decease of all prophecy in the grave of history. I told him that the dead only dealt with the dead; that the living breathed only with the living. The man is sick, he needs rest. I know his ailment, I know the cure. Emerson will sadden when you tell him what I write, but here is another of the thousand confirmations of that suicide of the pen in which literature abounds. I will not turn on my heel to see another man; and the women are tragic all (Mrs. Carlyle, Mrs. Fox, etc.). These doleful daughters of Britain, they mourn even in their joys. [Here an extract was given from a letter written on Aug 2:] I have seen Carlyle again, but we quarrelled outright, and I shall see him not again. Greatness abides not here; her home is in the clouds, save when she descends on the meadows or treads the groves of Concord. [Mr. Alcott did not see Carlyle again, as it happened, but he made an effort to, as the appended letter shows:]

MY DEAR SIR: I am very sorry to have been out the other day when you called again. I suppose it is my last chance of seeing you in England. You leave me, too, as an incorrigible heretic and infidel, which verily I am not, yet must be content to seem for the present! Well, I will wish you a right pleasant reunion with your native friends, with those whom you know better than you do me. To hear that your scheme of life prospers to the utmost possible extent will, you may depend upon it, be always happy news to me. Though not precisely my church, I do reckon it a branch of the true church, very worthy to spread and root itself according to its power in a world as overgrown with falsity and jingle as ours is. . . . I was absent in Suffolk when your invitation to the conference reached me. I can add no more but that sad word adieu. May all good powers watch over you, guide you well and ever better toward your true aim. I remain always yours very sincerely,

CHELSEA, 22 Sept., 1842.

T. CARLYLE.

[The last extract was from an entry made in Mr. Alcott's diary in January, 1842:] Carlyle's new book [on Cromwell] came opportunely. This nation seems lost to every sense of right. The spark of freedom that inflamed the breasts of our fathers is extinct in this Republic. In the midst of a revolution, we seem not to know it, nor that the principles for which Luther and Cromwell contended, and which constitute our inheritance, are trodden under foot in the counsels and acts of Congress. The reformation is still in progress, and Providence invites us to carry it forward and give it permanency in worthy institutions, freedom in Church, in State, in the family, in our bosoms and estates. These are the demands of Protestantism in 1846. The family is the cradle of the commonwealth; the private house is the council-chamber of the Republic. Every man has some faint sentiment of this, and human history is the record of struggles for his own freedom or subjection. The ascendancy of a spiritual philosophy in the finer and better minds, and particularly in the youth of our day, is an omen of hope. A silent, gradual, and yet perceptible amendment is taking place, and the final settlement of the new is near and sure. The old order is crumbling away. The new powers, with which modern science has charged the civilized world, have given fresh impulse to enterprise in our people, opened new and wider fields for their extension. Our social and geographical position affords additional incentive and opportunity for a broader display of the national character. The Northern genius is successfully competing with nature, and, no less than the Southern ambition, in adding new territories to the already overgrown Republic.



The great secular interest thus called into vigorous existence, and furnished with new facilities by its broader field of action, is coming in conflict with existing social and political institutions, and arraying the extreme sections of the country against each other. The struggle has begun. The base and wicked alliance between freedom and slavery, the source of national discord, must issue soon in the dissolution of the present political confederacy.

On Saturday, July 26, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe spoke of Emerson's relations to society. Among other things, she said:

I remember having been sharply called to account some forty-five years ago for advising an acquaintance to attend the first course of lectures which he gave in New York, and I remember thinking that, from an orthodox point of view, I had been a little imprudent in doing so. In those days, and long after, Cambridge held him in doubtful and supercilious consideration. The world of fashion only in rare intervals knew enough of him to laugh at him. It would be instructive for us to compare Mr. Emerson's attitude toward society with that of Margaret Fuller in the days when each had a position of strangeness and novelty. I should say that Mr. Emerson's patient and cautious nature made his position a less aggressive one than that of his brilliant contemporary. Margaret's eloquence, which gave expression to the quick and vehement action of her mind, was less favorable to the formation of reserved judgment than was Mr. Emerson's more deliberate speech. On the other hand, we must remember that Margaret's encounter with the society of her youth was more of a hand-to-hand fight than Mr. Emerson was called on to maintain. The fact was aggravated in her case by the displeasure which the worshippers of custom always visit upon innovators. Her critical attitude, her authoritative manner, and her somewhat novel method of imparting what she knew, brought upon her a wrath and ridicule which Mr. Emerson was not likely to encounter. A solemn suavity was his, saved by an overspreading cheerfulness, and an eye in which severity of observation and kindness of judgment were strangely blended. These traits of person and of character made Mr. Emerson's relations with those around him smoother at the start, and the severe sentiments which he sometimes fulminated took by surprise those who looked into his genial countenance. I cannot follow him in the steps by which he came to stand in the position where we all remember him, in conceded eminence, as first in rank among our men of letters. We all know that each of these steps was brave, true and independent. Clad in his wonderful temperament, as in a seraph's golden armor, Mr. Emerson revived the dead forms of his time, showing neither fear nor favor to what he found amiss. . . . The tardiness of the attainment of Mr. Emerson to the recognition to which he was entitled is easily explained by the fact that he, like some of his peers, had to teach a new valuation to the community which assumed to judge him. Certain forms of belief, of reasoning, of expression, had in the minds of men become so hardened out of second nature into second death, that the fossilized community was grown incapable of entertaining a novelty. To it, religion meant a catechism and a creed. Mr. Emerson wrought alone. His manner of work was individual, and he held to it, never borrowing Parker's hammer nor Phillips's flashing artillery. This was the record of a subtle solvent which changed enmity into friendship and the titter of ridicule into the pæan of praise. The perfect politeness of Mr. Emerson's attitude in regard to society appears as much in what is remembered of his life as in his works. A great sensitiveness to the rights and claims of others sometimes made him a waiter when others dashed headlong into the fight. When he distinctly saw what to aim at, a single shaft from his bow flew far and hit the mark. There are some rude truths which it is polite to utter, just as it would be polite for one to shake his grandfather if he were sleeping to his hurt. The utterance of those truths was never shirked by Mr. Emerson; but his manner of imparting rather encouraged those who were in error to come out of it than condemned them to abide in their sins. I do not remember him in the pulpit, but I think that once out of it he eyed it askance. Not the pulpit of Channing and Parker, but that from which a learned ignorance sought to impose its limits, and in which a surface morality forbade the digging of a deeper well. I once heard him say that he entered the pulpit unwillingly because it contained traditions which he neither wished to accept nor respect.

On Monday, July 26, Mr. Sanborn lectured on 'Emerson Among the Poets,' drawing a parallel between Milton and the subject of his address.

## Wordsworth's Relations to Science.\*

[R. Spence Watson, in *Macmillan's Magazine*.]

Warmly does he protest in his latter days against the thirst for gold which would leave 'no nook of English ground secure from rash assault.' He inveighs in bitter terms against the invasion of his favorite mountain solitudes by the ruthless railway director in search of dividends. And his words have helped to save, in our own day, these last refuges of repose from the ravages of railways, saved them not only for the inhabitants of the district or for wealthy visitors, but for the toiling masses of our great centres of industry in the north of England, who, thanks to the proper application of railways, are able to escape from time to time for a few hours from the ceaseless whirr and hum of machinery into these lovely and noble scenes, to 'let the misty mountain wind be free to blow against them,' and to

Feel that this cold metallic motion,  
Is not all the life God fashions or reveals.

The two letters to *The Morning Post*, in which Wordsworth, in 1844, discussed the projected Kendal and Windermere Railway, are good examples of the calm, sensible, and thorough way in which he argues a question. He does not rave wildly against all railways, nor does he assume that all men, whether they be rich or poor, are fitted to appreciate the beauties of Nature. There is a good deal of Wordsworth, of Ruskin, and of humbug, in the present day's ready-made enthusiasm for natural beauty or grandeur, led up to by excellent roads, and not too remote from comfortable and well-ordered inns. But he puts his points strongly: 'The railway power, we know well, will not admit of being materially counteracted by sentiment; and who would wish it where large towns are connected, and the interests of trade and agriculture are substantially promoted by such mode of inter-communication? But, be it remembered, that this case is a peculiar one, and that the staple of the country is its beauty and its character of retirement.' And again—'The time of life at which I have arrived may, I trust, if nothing else will, guard me from the imputation of having written from any selfish interests, or from fear of disturbance which a railway might cause to myself. If gratitude for what repose and quiet in a district hitherto, for the most part, not disfigured, but beautified by human hands, have done for me through the course of a long life, and hope that others might hereafter be benefited in the same manner and in the same country, be selfishness, then, indeed, but not otherwise, I plead guilty to the charge. Nor have I opposed this undertaking on account of the inhabitants of the district merely, but, as hath been intimated, for the sake of every one, however humble his condition, who, coming hither, shall bring with him an eye to perceive, and a heart to feel and worthily enjoy.'

Wordsworth was no simple reviler of railways or of other useful scientific appliances. He felt the grandeur of the

Motions and means, on land and sea, at war  
With old poetic feeling.

He would not judge them amiss. He had 'that prophetic sense of future change, that power of vision,' which enabled him to discover the soul which is behind even 'steamboats, viaducts, and railways,' and he sang of them—

In spite of all that beauty may disown  
In your harsh features, Nature doth embrace  
Her lawful offspring in man's art; and Time,  
Pleased with your triumphs o'er his brother Space,  
Accepts from your bold hands the proffered crown  
Of hope, and smiles on you with cheer sublime.

He is not led to hate science because many of its votaries can see nothing beyond it, nor to decry its practical application because of the many abuses attendant upon that application. On the contrary, he bursts forth into full acknowledgment of the might of the power which he will not hold all mighty—

Yet do I exult,  
Casting reserve away—exult to see  
An intellectual mastery exercised  
O'er the blind elements; a purpose given,  
A perseverance fed; almost a soul  
Imparted—to brute matter. I rejoice,  
Measuring the force of those gigantic powers,  
That, by the thinking mind, have been compelled  
To serve the will of feeble-bodied Man.

This surely should go far to dispel the delusion that Wordsworth hated science. You do not hate the less because you hold that it is included in the greater. You can scarcely hate that which you exult in and rejoice at.

\* Continued from last week and concluded.

At the beginning of the last book of 'The Excursion,' we learn what, to Wordsworth, is the conclusion of the whole matter—

To every form of being is assigned  
An active principle: howe'er removed  
From sense and observation, it subsists  
In all things, in all natures; in the stars  
Of azure heaven, the unenduring clouds,  
In flower and tree, in every pebbly stone  
That paves the brooks, the stationary rocks,  
The moving waters, and the invisible air.  
Whate'er exists hath properties that spread  
Beyond itself, communicating good,  
A simple blessing, or with evil mixed;  
Spirit that knows no insulated spot,  
No chasm, no solitude; from link to link  
It circulates, the soul of all the worlds.

This is that which we must remember whatever else we may forget—this spirit, this living principle, this 'soul of all the worlds.' Preached often indeed by Wordsworth, the central thought of all his poetry, but not of his alone. This same truth we find in Genesis, 'and the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters;' this in Proverbs, 'rejoicing in the habitable part of his earth; and my delights were with the sons of men;' this in John, 'in Him was life, and the life was the light of men;' this in Milton's 'holy light, offspring of Heaven firstborn;' this in Cowper's, 'there lives and works a soul in all things;' this in Shelley's, 'light whose smile kindles the universe;' this in Matthew Arnold's, 'calm soul of all things;' and in Robert Browning's, 'the forests had done it;' this repeated in many forms by all true poets in all true poetry, of which it is, indeed, a fundamental truth. And, this being so, however closely we may observe, whatever laws we may discover, however often we may 'triumph o'er a secret wrung from nature's close reserve,' we have made but a little further progress into the illimitable unknown; we are 'groping blindly in the darkness,' until, by this talisman, we 'touch God's right hand in that darkness, and are lifted up and strengthened.'

Then we gather from Wordsworth's poems that he fully recognized the true value of science, and acknowledged the benefits to mankind accruing from scientific investigation applied to the arts of every-day life. We gather also that he saw how the value of these benefits was diminished by their inherent dangers. And he is careful to point out the chief danger, that of causing the soul to dwindle by centering its life upon petty, or even upon important, details, whilst neglecting the wider and higher fields of vision.

His views upon this matter are yet more directly stated in his prose writings—those writings so full of interest and of wisdom, yet so little known. In the pamphlet usually called 'The Convention of Cintra' there are many passages in which he points out the danger I have referred to, and the way in which it must be avoided. I shall quote but one of these:

In many parts of Europe (and especially in our own country), men have been pressing forward, for some time, in a path which has been betrayed by its fruitfulness; furnishing them constant employment for picking up things about their feet, when thoughts were perishing in their minds. While mechanic arts, manufactures, agriculture, commerce, and all those products of knowledge which are confined to gross, definite, and tangible objects, have, with the aid of experimental philosophy, been every day putting on more brilliant colors, the splendor of the imagination has been fading. . . . Animal comforts have been rejoiced over, as if they were the end of being. . . . Now a country may advance, for some time, in this course with apparent profit; these accommodations, by zealous encouragement, may be attained, and still the peasant or artisan, their master, be a slave in mind—a slave rendered even more abject by the very tenure under which these possessions are held; and if they veil from us this fact, or reconcile us to it, they are worse than worthless.

I do not wish to argue that physical science has any prominent place in Wordsworth's writings. That was not to be expected, for reasons already sufficiently stated. But whenever it does come across his path, and he has to notice it, he does so in a clear-sighted and sympathetic way. This is the case throughout all his writings, from the familiar letters to his friends to the formal and carefully-polished sonnet; from his youthful days, to the fulness of his years. He studiously discriminates between that which is evil and that which is good, and when he condemns, his condemnation is confined to those particular points upon which our greatest scientists would cordially unite with him. As in the last quotation, he points out the practical dangers which he saw in the too complete absorption in scientific pursuits, so in the following words, from his essay on the 'Principles of Poetry,' he states explicitly what his views really were upon the relations between poetry and science:

The poet considers man and nature as essentially adapted to

each other, and the mind of man as naturally the mirror of the fairest and most interesting properties of nature; and thus the poet, prompted by this feeling of pleasure, which accompanies him through the whole course of his studies, converses with general nature with affections akin to those which, through labor and length of time, the man of science has raised up in himself, by conversing with those particular parts of nature which are the objects of his studies. The knowledge both of the poet and the man of science is pleasure, but the knowledge of the one cleaves to us as a necessary part of our existence, our natural and inalienable inheritance; the other is a personal and individual acquisition, slow to come to us, and by no habitual and direct sympathy connecting us with our fellow-beings. The man of science seeks truth as a remote and unknown benefactor; he cherishes and loves it in his solitude: the poet, singing a song in which all human beings join with him, rejoices in the presence of truth as our visible friend and hourly companion. Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science. . . .

If the labors of men of science should ever create any material revolution, direct or indirect, in our condition, and in the impressions which we habitually receive, the poet will sleep then no more than at present; he will be ready to follow the steps of the man of science, not only in those general indirect effects, but he will be at his side, carrying sensation into the midst of the objects of the science itself. The remotest discoveries of the chemist, the botanist, or mineralogist, will be as proper objects of the poet's art as any upon which it can be employed, if the time should ever come when these things shall be familiar to us, and the relations under which they are contemplated by the followers of these respective sciences shall be manifestly and palpably material to us as enjoying and suffering beings. If the time should ever come when what is now called science, thus familiarized to men, shall be ready to put on, as it were, a form of flesh and blood, the poet will lend his divine spirit to aid the transfiguration, and will welcome the being thus produced as a dear and genuine inmate of the household of man.

Thus, then, both from his prose and poetry we have seen what Wordsworth thought of the relations between poetry and science, and have learned how grave a misconception it is to speak of him as a science-hater. Since he ceased to write science has made gigantic strides, and has fulfilled some of his demands, and our true poets have not failed in some measure to recognize and avail themselves of the fact. But the dangers which he foresaw are still present with us, and in ever-increasing strength. They are actual, not imaginary dangers—dangers which affect our every-day lives; and Wordsworth's warning voice is even of greater value in our time than it was in his own.

For this is the day of specialized study—of specialized life. In all branches of human affairs, intense competition, the pressure of numbers, the desire to go far, the wish to know much and to know it accurately, have led to subdivision of labor, to the individual man's becoming a specialist—in some instances 'a tool or implement.' In our manufactories apprentices no longer learn a trade but one department of a multifarious business. In medicine there is a strong tendency to become attached to some special form of disease or disaster; in painting to walk along a certain path—that usually which is most economical of thought. In science it is really necessary that a man should choose his subject, and devote his life to it, if he is to make any substantial progress, but it is his work-a-day life, not his whole life, which must be so devoted. The stunting and dwindling soul-processes must be counteracted; and surely it is to poetry that we must look as to the force which can best counteract them. Specializing is in its infancy in England as compared with Germany, and in Germany it has become so universal that poetry has almost ceased to be written.

A few weeks ago an eminent French critic said that, owing to the specializing tendency of science and to its all-devouring force, poetry would cease to be read in fifty years. Not English poetry, I trust and believe. We live in a time of transition. Science, which has won for mankind liberty of thought, and which has created for mankind 'new heavens and a new earth,' receives in our day her full meed of praise. But all movements which depend upon the mind of man go forward in tides, and, for the moment, the tide of science flows on to the full whilst that of art is on the ebb. It is a time when it behooves those who believe that the relations of Wordsworth toward science were true and wise ones, to be firm in upholding them, and whilst, with him, exulting 'to see an intellectual mastery exercised o'er the blind elements,' yet to keep ever before the minds of men that the higher life is that which passes beyond the realms of sense into those of spirit; that there are emotions, passions, longings, of the mind of man, which are just as truly facts, and enter just as largely into the web of life, nay, which demand to be studied, understood, and accounted for, just as faithfully, and with just as fatal consequences for neglect or misunderstanding, as any of the laws which affect the physical world.



## Current Criticism

THE FRANTIC EXAGGERATION by which 'Ouida' tries to make her unloveable heroine bewitching is even surpassed by her efforts to make her blasé hero grand. Money, as 'Ouida' is never tired of impressing upon us, is the mainspring, the end, the essence, of modern life, the one substance in a world of shadows. The great capitalist is the only great man nowadays. What, then, can a novelist do when anxious to set up a very, very big hero, equal to coping with such a most irresistible heroine, but represent him as half a dozen Rothschilds, Vanderbilts, and Strousbergs rolled into one? And 'Ouida' sets about this congenial task with gusto. Count Othmar, the gentleman is question, as we read in one place, had 'a great house on the Boulevard St. Germain, another great house in Piccadilly, another in the Teresian Platz of Vienna; he had estates in England, France, Germany, and Austria, a Scotch moor, a Flemish forest, a château on the shores of the Dalmatian Adriatic, a villa at Biarritz, a castle in dense woods on the Moselle, and whole towns, villages, plains, in Croatia itself.' Loss of breath, it is plain, has alone cut short the catalogue, for we hear of several other royal estates further on, and the writer turns aside to gloat over the piles of Othmar's gold whenever she can spare a page or two from her narrative, which she often can.—*The Pall Mall Gazette*.

WHAT MR. SALA'S BOOK TEACHES:—The student already referred to will discover when he reads Mr. Sala's book that in the year 1883 people travelled in railway carriages constructed after a reminiscence of the old stage-coach fashion, boxed up and exposed to the dangers of outrage, insult, and robbery; that the Sundays in some parts of London were devoted to the free fights of 'religious' armies; that the young men of the period filled the buffets and corridors of the theatres with tobacco smoke; that the finest Quay in the world was allowed to be ruined by railway 'blow-holes' and was the nightly and undisturbed resort of robbers and garotters; that the Local Government Board disallowed the lavish and wasteful expenditure of three shillings for the purchase of toys for sick children in an infirmary; that an effort was made to supply the people with cheap fish; that, in the opinion of the Home Secretary, there was no such place as London, and could not be, until the introduction of a new Municipal Government Bill; that the machinery for the removal of household refuse was clumsy, stupid, and in every way disgraceful; that the Lord Chief Justice of England made a tour through America and generously buttered the natives; with many other useful and valuable facts; and, if he continues his studies for the next twenty, thirty, or forty years following, during all of which we hope to read Mr. Sala's 'Echoes,' he will doubtless perceive how, little by little, things got altered.—*The Saturday Review*.

THREE-VOLUME NOVELS MUST GO:—Gratifying tokens of a much-needed and long-desired revolution in the method of publishing novels are becoming numerous. We may yet survive the three-volume-novel system altogether; and how good that would be, perhaps only the practised reviewer, 'with gray hairs and a moral sense,' like Martin Chuzzlewit's Colonel, who has not descended to 'skipping,' is qualified to declare. He knows what is the needless labor of reading stories in three volumes, and he can form a tolerable idea of what the toil of writing them must be. Deeply refreshing to so experienced a person is the sprinkling of pleasant novels, each in two pretty light handy volumes, which has recently laid the dust in his path, and promises showers in future. This great improvement was begun in the case of Mr. Marion Crawford's recent novels, 'To Leeward' and 'A Roman Singer,' and Mr. Hamilton Aldé's 'Introduced to Society.' As we noticed lately, it was continued when 'The Giant's Robe' appeared in a single volume. We now have 'The World we Live in,' by Mr. Oswald Crawford, better known by his delightful works on Portugal and his recent 'English Comic Dramatists' than as a writer of fiction, but who has written some charming stories under the name of 'John Dangerfield.'—*The Spectator*.

COWPER'S LETTERS:—It is Cowper's especial praise that he is uniformly unfeigned and unaffected; and no one could justly object if by a narrower and more precise definition he were styled 'the most natural of English letter-writers.' His momentary mood is reflected in his pages with the fidelity of mental photography; he is humorous, playful, grave, or morbid as the fit is on him; indeed, in the same sheet he is sometimes

all of these, and you may see the cloud pass and the sun shine out in the space of thirty lines. His gadding, gossiping *enjournement* is infectious, and the ambling, easy progress of his style delightful. No man, in all probability, ever dignified a small-beer chronicle with so much felicity of simple expression, or cast over a 'set gray life' the charm of such a genial and amiable egotism. The escape of a pet hare, the description of a home-made greenhouse, the visit of a canvassing member ('a most loving, kissing, kind-hearted gentleman!')—all these grow under his pen as exciting as the most moving accidents. The defect of his letters, regarded as a whole, is the extreme tenuity of their themes. Like the marquise of tradition, he too often begins because he has nothing to do, and leaves off because he has nothing to say—only he does not contrive it, as she did, in a couple of lines. And when a middle-aged man, writing to a lady, is obliged to entertain her by the announcement that the clerk of the parish has made him new straps to his shoe-buckles, or to enlarge upon the merits of gingerbread as a remedy for 'distention of stomach,' it is manifest that he must sometimes be sorely pressed for material.—*The Saturday Review*.

## Notes

MR. W. D. HOWELLS, who has made the prosaic 'parlor-car' and the 'register' serve the purposes of fiction, has now taken the even more practical 'elevator,' as a hook upon which to hang the plot of a farce to be published in the Christmas number of *Harper's Magazine*. This exceptional number will have, among other interesting features, a ghost story by Hugh Conway, the author of 'Called Back,' which is said to be as strong in its way as that popular novel. Mr. Warner's paper on Christmas, which is to open this number, as we have already announced, will be profusely illustrated by English artists—Weguelin, Boughton, Green and Barnard.

'A Ballad of Sark' is the title of a little poem which Mr. Swinburne has written for the August *English Illustrated*.

The discovery of a live book-worm is exciting London bibliophiles. *The Publishers' Circular* gives a drawing of one. It is a very innocent-looking creature, and might easily escape notice, particularly as it hides itself in the very depths of the books it destroys.

Mr. John Ingram's new edition of Poe's Tales and Poems will be published here by Scribner & Welford in September. The edition is in four volumes, introduced by a biographical essay by Mr. Ingram, and illustrated with fourteen etchings, three photogravures and a portrait newly etched from a daguerreotype said to be exceedingly life-like. An important feature of this edition is the fragment, 'The Journal of Julius Rodman,' which has not appeared in any previous collection of Poe's works. Some new poems are said to have been found, and altogether the edition will be one well worth possessing. Not inappropriately the republication of Poe's works will be followed in October by the reissue of two volumes of Hoffman's weird tales illustrated with eleven etchings by Ad. Lalauze.

'English Composition,' by T. Whiting Bancroft, of Brown University (Ginn, Heath & Co.), is a useful little book, not intended to supplant text books now in use, but to be used with them. It is adapted only for advanced pupils, and would perhaps be of most use to teachers, or students studying without a teacher. It has an excellent list of classified themes for essays, and combines information from two or three librarians on the relation of reading to composition.

Wentworth and Hill's Examination Manuals, No. I., Arithmetic, No. II., Algebra (Ginn, Heath & Co.), consist of two parts. The first is a collection of problems and exercises from English, French and German sources, arranged in the form of examination papers. The second comprises a large number of the actual papers of various universities, colleges and schools in this country and England. They will prove useful to teachers generally as affording well-selected exercises to be used singly, or as test papers, on review or preparatory to examination. Keys are furnished teachers only, on application to the publishers.

'Poèmes de la Libellule' is the title of a volume of translations by Mme. Judith Gautier from the most celebrated classic poets of Japan. In turning these gems into modern French, the translator has followed the literal Japanese versions of Saionji, one of the Mikado's Councillors. The French metrical text will be 'framed by, and almost hidden in,' a series of original and appropriate designs by the distinguished Japanese artist, Yamamoto. A literal prose translation of each poem will be given in an appendix. The price of the book, of which only 800 copies

will be printed, is fifty francs, and it can be had only by addressing Mme. Gautier herself, at 108 Avenue de Champs-Élysées, Paris.

The Bishop Paddock Lectures for this year, delivered before the students of the General Theological Seminary by the Bishop of Long Island; Dr. Littlejohn, will be issued by Thomas Whitaker early in the fall. The general title of the series will be 'The Christian Ministry at the Close of the Nineteenth Century.' The same publisher announces a new edition of Andrew Jukes's 'Mystery of the Kingdom,' which is now out of print.

'Annouchka,' one of the tales that Tourguéneff wrote in French, has just been Englished by Franklin Abbott, and will be published by Cupples, Upham & Co. uniformly with their edition of the 'Poems in Prose.'

In the late J. Payne Collier's 'Diary of an Old Man' occurs the following: 'Mr. John Barrow, who is engaged on *The Times*, where there is no vacancy, told me that he has a clever nephew named Charles Dickens, who has been employed, I believe, on *The True Sun*, and for whom he is anxious to obtain a situation on *The Morning Chronicle*. Barrow wants me to give him a letter to the proprietor of *The Morning Chronicle*. . . . I asked him how he had been employed before he had connected himself with *The True Sun*. He told me that he had assisted Warren, the blacking man, in the conduct of his extensive business, and, among other things, had written puff verses for him.' Mr. Collier quotes one of these verses:

'I pitied the dove, for my bosom was tender,  
I pitied the sigh that she gave to the wind;  
But I ne'er shall forget the superlative splendor  
Of Warren's jet blacking, the pride of mankind.'

A. D. F. Randolph & Co. announce for publication in September 'William Tyndale's Five Books of Moses, Called the Pentateuch,' reprinted from the edition of 1530, with full Collations, Annotations, Glossary, and Prolegomena by Rev. Dr. Mombert, a collation with Genesis of 1534 by Rev. Dr. Culross, etc. The volume will be illustrated with photo-engravings of the different texts, and of the only known autograph letter of Tyndale.

Charles Fenno Hoffmann, who died recently at an asylum for the insane, in which he had been confined for many years, is the subject of an appreciative sketch, by W. L. Keese, in *The Magazine of American History* for August.

The selections for 'Stories by American Authors' (Charles Scribner's Sons) have been made with great judgment, and the fourth volume fully sustains the reputation gained by the others. We are glad to find in it a little story by N. P. Willis, rescued from the wallet at Time's back wherein he puts alms for oblivion, to remind the coming generation that Willis was, after all, something more than an antiquated beau who tried to write. The selection also includes Miss Woolson's delicate little sketch of 'Miss Grief,' and Mary Hallock Foote's admirable story of 'Friend Barton's Concern.'

*The Christian Union* of this week contains three lyrics by F. J. Fergus ('Hugh Conway'), the Bristol auctioneer who wrote 'Called Back.' 'Ramona,' Mrs. Jackson's Indian story, now running in the *Union*, is said to charm even the compositors who set it up—a class of readers usually most indifferent to the quality of the 'copy' given them to be put into type.

The library of the late John Payne Collier is to be sold by Messrs. Sothely on August 7. The features of the library are autographs of celebrated people, standard works, and books with MS. notes by Mr. Collier.

A burglar in woman's clothes having entered the house in Rome described in Hawthorne's 'Marble Faun' as 'Hilda's abode,' on Monday last, the concierge summoned a policeman. The robber drew a revolver and the policeman stood aside to let him pass. A crowd gathered and pursued the burglar, who, during his flight, lost his headgear, thus revealing his sex. The culprit when caught was thrashed and hanged.

'Laudes Domini' (The Century Co) is a collection of spiritual songs, ancient and modern, so tempting in its luxurious cover and so varied in its contents—including, with many old and familiar hymns, a large number of newer selections, with American, English, and German choral music,—that we can hardly find it in our heart to quarrel with anything about it; but the type, for both music and words, is smaller than seems to us desirable. It is not, perhaps, smaller type than that of other large collections; but several large flat books in larger type seem to us preferable to one arranged like this.

## The Free Parliament.

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

### QUESTIONS.

**No. 759.**—1. What is the origin of the proverb or saying, 'Qu'il va à la messe des trépassés?' It is used of one who takes breakfast before going to hear mass. 2. In the vulgar expression, 'he is fetched,' is not 'fetched' a corruption of fetiched, and somehow connected with negro voodooism? 3. In what Latin author is found the motto of the Philadelphia Library Association, 'Communitur bona profundere deorum est?' I trust I have correctly quoted it.—4. Where can I find a review of the writings and opinions of the poet Leopardi?

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

W.

[4. Poole's Index—doubtless accessible at the Philadelphia libraries—contains references (p. 737) to nine articles on Leopardi and his writings.]

**No. 760.**—Can anyone put me in the way of getting an English translation of Thibaut's 'Ueber Reinheit der Tonkunst' ('On Purity in the Musical Art')?

TRUAX LANDING, SNAKE RIVER.

ELEANOR TRUAX.

**No. 761.**—1. Please name James Payne's best two novels. 2. What means the phrase, 'Plato's great year?' 3. Charles Lamb complains that his critical essay on Wordsworth's 'Excursion' underwent cruel curtailment at the hands of Gifford, editor of *The Quarterly Review*, in which it appeared. Has an un mutilated version of the review come down to the present day? 4. Can you give me the oft-quoted sentence referring to the 'water flowing under London Bridge?' 5. I have contradictory texts for Stanza 72, Canto IX., of 'Don Juan.' One reads, 'No stone is there to show;' the other, 'No one.'

XENIA, ILL.

JOHN B. BARNHILL.

[1. Tastes differ, but two of the best, if not the best two, of Mr. Payne's novels are 'By Proxy' and 'A Confidential Agent.' 2. The only version of Lamb's essay, so far as we know, is the garbled one. It would be interesting to go over this review and separate the Lamb from the Gifford, the line of distinction between the original matter and the editor's additions and alterations being in most cases clearly apparent to the reader familiar with Lamb's style.]

**No. 762.**—Can you recommend a book on mythology?

A. B. C.

NEW YORK CITY.

[Yes, several: Cox's 'Manual of Mythology,' Bulfinch's 'Age of Fable,' 'Myths of the Middle Ages,' Keightley's 'Myths of Ancient Greece and Italy,' and William Smith's 'Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities.']

**No. 763.**—Will some one kindly inform me where I can see a copy of President Lincoln's address, delivered at the time of the dedication of the Soldier's Cemetery at Gettysburg in 1864?

CHARLESTON, S. C.

G. D.

### ANSWERS.

**No. 713.**—Mr. Riddle, in giving the full text of the verses beginning 'Sweetheart, good-bye! the fluttering sail,' neglects to give the name of the author. Will he, or some one else, kindly supply it.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

WM. F. FRICK.

[Ruthven Jenkens is the name of the reputed author of the song. The refrain, 'Though lost to sight, to memory dear,' occurs also in a song of that name, by George Linley. Both of these names were mentioned in connection with this question, in our issue of June 14.]

**No. 740.**—2. You say that 'sic' means 'so' and is commonly used to call attention to an error, and to show, incidentally, that the error is that of the writer or speaker whose words are quoted.' In the Free Parliament of *Good Literature*, number 135, old series, the editor observes that: 'It is not known when and how the use of sic (Latin 'thus'), to call attention to the fact that a quotation is given 'verbatim et literatim et punctuatim,' first began.' Is there a discrepancy in the two statements?

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

FRANK P. RENO.

[There may be; but if there is, we confess our inability to detect it.]

**No. 753.**—3 and 4. *The Microcosm* is still published, at \$1 a year. Wilford's (not Milford's) 'Problem of Human Life' is \$2. Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley, Helmholtz & Co. are completely answered. The 'new doctrine,' or Substantial Philosophy, is certainly a plausible one. It does not rest on man, but eternal verity.

INDIANA, PA.

J. H.

**No. 753.**—3 and 4. Wilford's 'The Problem of Life' is a ridiculously presumptuous and utterly worthless book, rejected not only by all reputable scientists, but by all who know anything of the first principles of natural science and of logic.

LANCASTER, PA.

J. M. H.